Miss Rebecca "West throw in her blessing with, 'He writes like an angel.' Nor have the upper classes neglected to participate in this profitable trade. If low-life has strange secrets to disclose, has not high-life, too? If social outcasts easily weep, and read, Proust and Shelley, do not Aristocrats, too ? The halls of fashion are as enthralling as doss-houses are, and Lord CasderosseXfso has a tale to tell.

Rousseau, when he announced his intention to lay open to my fellow-mortals a man just as nature wrought him; and this man is myself/ started a fashion which many have followed. If men represent creation's only endeavour, and human life its whole range, then each individual man must be remarkable, and each individual life a unique drama. Men can only be humble if they have a God, only content to be alike if they feel themselves children belonging to one family with a father in Heaven, Without a God, they must be arrogant to be able to go on living at all, unique or they are nothing. The necessity to be unique has borne heavily upon them. To make themselves unique, they have had to falsify themselves and their lives, their past and their future; like Rousseau, divulging uncommitted faults, unfelt hopes, ecstasy and misery never experienced; at last abandoning the struggle, and finding their extraordinariness in another's extraordinary ordinariness, merging their unique lives in his life, their unique selves in him, their demagogue leader, themselves.[30]

Another manifestation of the same craving for reassurance that earthly life suffices, is the veneration and idealisation of

Youth. It is only the young who are truly able to persuade themselves that they may live by bread alone, who are truly forgetful of death. To the ageing, unsatisfied by bread alone, unforgetful of death, Youth seems the only corroboration of their belief in earthly life's sufficiency. They look back longingly as Bunyan looked forward longingly, see the Heavenly City in

[80] cf. *Mein Kampf*—'*M,a$$* demonstrations must burn into the little man's soul the proud conviction that though a little worm, he is nevertheless part of a great dragon.'